THE WORLD

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THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887, 83,389,828.

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SIX YEARS COMPARED :

THE WORLD came under the present proprie torship May 10, 1888,

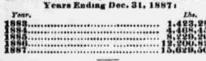
8,151,157 12,235,238 28,159,785 51,241,267 70,126,041 83,389,628

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724 The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267 Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:



CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

AFTER THE TRUSTS.

It may be doubtful whether Congress has authority to legislate in regard to some of the combinations which, under various names, are seeking to regulate the production and to fix the prices of many necessities of the people. But it can at least investigate the matter, and this the House has very wisely voted to do.

Those of the trusts that have interstate connections may be headed off by the Federal Government. Those that are local can be dealt with by the States. They are all conspiracies against the well-being of the people and should be forbidden.

Harpoon the Devil Fish !

A SENSIBLE PREFERENCE. Mr. CHILDS is right. It is better to be

editor than to be President. An editor's appointments don't have to be

confirmed. He can make treaties offensive and defensive without the consent of the Senate. He can go a-fishing without exciting national comment. He can "talk back' when sassed. His term is continuous.

The independent editor of a prosperous and useful journal has no use for the Presi-

HOW IT WORKS.

The Reading Railroad Company squeezes the mining enterprise, which it owns, for the benefit of its overcapitalized transportation about and their carcasses completely cammed up line. It underpays the miners at one end and overcharges coal-consumers at the other in the effort to pay dividends on inflated and watered stock.

The Sugar Trust, which is closing up refineries the better to control production, issues \$4 of certificates for \$1 of value, and expects the public to pay dividends on the inflation.

It is time for the people to combine against the "combines," and to give no trust to Trusts.

DEAR KIRSES.

The osculatory Fireman's Son who was knocked downstairs, arrested, lodged in a police station over night and fined \$10 for kissing a pretty woman whom he " mistook for his cousin," paid a pretty high price for his brief pleasure.

It is doubtful if either gallantry or his gratified amatory sense would enable the kiss-snatcher to say "it was worth it." A gentle or even a smart slap by a soft hand

on the car, an indignant "How dare you, Bir?" or even a simple, plain fine, might leave some sense of value received. But Mr. ETTINGER paid too dear for his kisses.

It is better to mistake your cousin for some body else, in a matter of this kind, than to mistake a big policeman's wife for your

The "Anti-Saloon Republicans" are going to hold a National Convention. They may convene "till the cows come home," but they will never hurt the saloons by the simple expedient of pledging Republicans to keep away from them.

If variety be the spice of life, New Yorkers are having a spicy time just now. There were three kinds of weather within six hours last night-snowy, rainy and freezing.

Young Mr. SEMPLE's attempt to "make the District-Attorney's office an Appellate Court," as Judge Gildersleeve puts it, was not a brilliant success.

It may be very well to suppress the bucketshop gambling, but how much better is gambling by the wholesale in the Stock Exchange?

KATE CLANTON'S new play is mismamen 14 The World Against Her." THE WORLD is for her and all other worthy artists

It is to be observed that no wage-worker stad people have yet petitioned to have auday in if holiday abolished.

CHAT OF THE POLITICIANS. Ex-Sheriff Davidson is a clerk in a mine nes

Vera Cruz, Mexico. There is no doubt that Mayor Hewitt can have a There is no double desires it.

The Republican politicians are viewing with alarm the growing bolt of Germans from th Some time has clapsed since Police Justice

Power and Commissioner Croker have called a the Mayor's office. Stephen O'Brien, brother of ex-Sheriff Jame

O'Brien, ismow a full-fiedged County Democracy man and a member of the Executive Committee.

If the National Democratic Convention should be held in this city local statesmen will be bothered to distraction by applicants for admission tickets. Said a Tammany Hall warrior to-day: "It will

be a good thing for Irving Hall if the Democratic Convention is held here. Its delegates won't have far to walk. " Under the law the Sheriff cannot speceed him

self in office. Among those spoken of as Sheriff Grant's successor are Thomas F. Guroy, Bernard P. Martin, Patrick Divver and big Commissioner Brennan.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Vance, North Carolina's war Governor. is very fond of billiards and is a well-known first nighter at the theatres. He numbers many actors

The census of 1870 showed that there were 25,000,000 books in the libraries of the United States, and it is believed that even now there is not in the country a book for every inhabitant.

Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, recently sent to a Philadelphia friend a pair of Mercer County (Ky.) turkeys that weighed sixty-eight pounds—the gobbier forty-four and the hen twenty

People who have been sinking wells near Madrid. la., have found at a depth of about forty feet below the surface of the earth the remains of larg primeval forests. The trunks of some of the trees ing up are of great size.

Probably the richest woman in New England Mrs. William Gammell, of Providence, whose for tune is estimated at from \$12,000,000 to \$20,000,000. The foundation of it was laid in the days when Boston's East India trade was in its glory.

Chang Yen Hoon, the head of the Chinese Legs on at Washington, as a poet, and it is said that he composes a poem every week. Only his intimatfriends see his verses, and they are said to be very good. He has a library of 30,000 volumes.

One of the finest looking of the Foreign Ministers at Washington is Col. Emile Frey, who represents Switzerland. He is six feet tall, with broad shoulders, and has a very attractive German face. He served under Grant during the war and was taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg.

The first Chinese wedding to be celebrated in Texas took place at El Paso last week, when Ah Sing was united in the bonus of matrimony to Ah Moy. More than three hundred Chinamen from all parts of the State witnessed the ceremony, and many El Paso society people were present.

George Strathmore Paxton, who claims honor able connection with the English nobility, is the planist in a dime museum at Wichita, Kan. He ras a lieutenant in the British army until an ambition to become an actor took possession of him After squandering \$400,000 in his stage experience, he drifted to this country.

Worcester has two very wealthy citizens in Stephen Salisbury and Jones Clark. The former has a fortune of from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and the latter is estimated to be worth anywhere from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Mr. Clark has already given \$2,000,000 to establish the great university which will perpetuate his name.

An Allegheny woman, who took to her bed twen ty-one years ago because she thought she was ill. and remained there, declaring that she was suffer ing from a complication of diseases, was persuaded o arise and walk about the room the other day. The novel experience seemed so pleasant to be that she has decided to leave her bed for good.

A tenderfoot who had been hired to "herd geese " on Gen. Montgomery's ranch, near Chico, Cal., became tired of ordinary methods of killing the wild birds, and saturating a quantity of wheat with strychnine, scattered it about the Jelds. In the morning there were 2,400 dead geese Pine Creek, so that it overflowed its banks.

> PRESTO. (From Life.)



Booked at the Hotels. Capt. W. H. Rapperty is at the Grand, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Ailison, of Tennessee, are at

Philip D. Armour, jr., of Chicago, is booked at the Brunswick. F. W. Huidekoper, of Washington, is registered at the St. James.

Gov. Waison C. Squires, of Washington Terri-tory, is again at the Hoffman. Judge Finkle and George Tate Blackston, of Foronto, are guests of the Victoria.

Col. W. G. Elliott, of Norfolk, Va., and Charles R. Hosmer, of Montreal, are at the Hoffman. Ex-Gov. P. C. Cheney, of New Hampshire, and ex-Gov. Henry Howard, of Rhode Island, are at the Fifth Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Eliot and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler are the Quaker City's representatives at the Brunswick.

B. H. Davis, of El Paso, Tex.: Alex Clerk, of pulney, Mass., and E. C. Sylvester, of Baltimore, re registered at the Grand Central. The Hotel Dam shelters E. R. Wiggin, the big insurance man, of Boston, and F. P. Briese, a prominent business man, of Meriden, Conn. Ex-Minister Andrew D. White, Julius Dexter, of Chemanati, L. T. Smith, of Kanasa, and Congress-nan George West are registered at the Fifth

Daniel Callahan, the railroad contractor, of Rome, Ga., and W. A. Doody, a wholesale merchant from Macon, Ga., are stopping at the New York Hotel.

Among the recent arrivals at the Union Square Hotel are George W. Piper, of Newburyboort, Mass.; J. J. Sweney, of Kingston, and George F. Josiin, of Philadelphia. Josin, of Philadelphia.

Among those enjoying the hospitality of the Morton House are Frank P. Kitcheil, of New Orleans; C. W. Brooks, of Boston; W. McKerr, of Cleveland, and G. W. Ives, of New Haven.

Edward Annan, jr., late of Richfield Springs, where he organized a branch of the Society for Friendless Girls, is, with his friends Henry M. Mostrand and Capt. Frank Beard, at the Hoffman House.

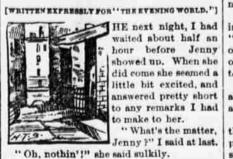
Among others at the Hoffman are H. B. Win-ship, of Providence; Dr. S. W. Driver, of Cam-bridge; William Secmuller, of Baltimore; W. A. Wilbur and family, of South Bothlehem; Barion Pardee, of Lock Haven, Conn., and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dill, of Clearfield, Pa.

In New York's Rotten Row.

BY

Police Capt. T. R. Reilly, Of the West Thirtieth Street Station.

PART II.



HE next night, I had waited about half an

"Oh, nothin'!" she said sulkily. "What's upset you?" I repeated, sympa-

thetically. "Why, it's pretty mean in a fellow to go back on a woman without any reason for it,

"Yes, that's true enough. Who's the fellow that's been treating you so?" "Oh! he's a fellow that if he knew what

was good for him would keep on my right side." she said vicionsly. "You've got him where you can pinch him. have you?" I said, laughing.

"Yes, I have. And I'll do it, too," she retorted, and in a low tone, but with a good deal of emphasis. "Who is it? Perhaps I can help you

There's no harm in telling me about it," I said to her. "It's all between ourselves." "You see that?" She rolled up her sleeve and showed me a black-and-blue mark on her arm. "That's what I got last night, for

nothin'."

The girl was laboring under a sense of in I'll show you where it is, and you can nab dignation, and would evidently be glad to get even with the fellow who had hurt her. "That isn't much. If that's the worst he

ever did to you, you got off easily enough." "It's just too much from him," she said sulkily, "and I'll make him sorry for it." "Jenny, are you talking about Jim? If you are, why I'll help you to square accounts

with him. Is he the man?" "Yes, he is. What can you do?" asked, feeling of her arm.

"I can do this. I am an officer and want to get him for a robbery. He stole some money from a man. If you'll help me to get onto him, you'll square things up pretty well, and it'll be to your credit, too, helping an officer to do his duty in this way."

I did not say anything about Jim's smashing the man's head in with a brick. It was possible that Jenny had not heard of it, and if she thought she would be only getting the fellow a few months in jail she would cooperate more readily than if she thought she was helping to fit a hemp necktie round his

" Well," she said with an oath, " he's done just a little too much this time, and I'll help te put you on him. He's been laying round 'Rotten Row' for ten days. I saw him last night, and he gave me this pinch, the dirty beast, and told me to keep to my business. I'll show him what my business is, and he'll not be so darned fly in a hurry again."

"Where is he, over in the 'Row?" Tasked "That's more'n I can tell you. He's all over it, putting in a night here and a night there. He's laying low about something or other. Perhaps it's this thing you're after sharp jab Jim had given to her jealousy. She him for."

" Is he there every night ?" I asked. That's more'n I can tell you, too. I see

him last night, and I've seen him two or three times before. You see in that place you can slip through the walls between the houses and go in and out from a dozen places. The best thing for you is to come to my room and lay for him. He is likely to pass by there again and then you'll get him. There's a girl living in the 'Row' that he goes to see," and Jenny scowled and got a little fierce in her tones; "but if you went to her room and didn't catch him she'd put him up to your bein' after him and he'd light out."

Her plan seemed the best. I asked her if I could come over then, for she had got through her supper. She said yes, and I told her to walk ahead and wait in the passage way and I would come over in a few minutes. She pulled her shawl up over her shoulders and went over.

I followed in about five minutes. I found her waiting in the small hall, or rather entry. way, and she led me upstairs. After two or three turns we came to her room. A passage way led in front of it.

"If he comes along from the stairs he'll make his way through the wall there. If I were you I'd go through there and find out something about the turns, for if he gets a caught him. start on you you'll lose him easy in those twisted-up places."

I asked her accompany me and I would go. dark, long passageway. This led into a tugged to get me away. room, from which another stairway went down to the back door, which opened on a small court, with old lumber and barrels in it. gling violently. Another house was entered on the other side, and we went up another stairway, then along another passage.

"If you go into that room you can cross can go into the left-hand back yard and through a house into Spring street. The other way lets out into Spring street, too."

I had noted every turn and winding in my mind. I was very glad I went over the way first, because it gave me a better show if I | handcuffs on him without difficulty, had to follow him in a hurry. If he came from the other direction he had to go downstairs or else into the upper story, from which there was no outlet to the other houses.

"Now, I'll stay here and watch," said I, putting myself behind the door and looking through the crack. This enabled me to see a little of the corridor and hid me. "I know his step," said Jenny, "and I can

tell as soon as I hear it on the stairs, in case he comes."

day for a few moments at a time when Jenny WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

said he wasn't likely to come. The hours were away slowly. The girl got sleepy and also a little cross. I was afraid she might weaken. "Is this the way he goes when he wants to

see his girl ?" I asked, as a good way to keep up her interest. "Yes. I hope he tries it to-night." We watched and waited. About 10 o'clock I caught the sound of footfalls on the stairs.

that his step?" She pricked up her ear and listened. There are two of them," she said, in a tone of disgust, "and I can't tell whether his is oneor

'Listen," I said in a whisper to Jenny.

" I could detect the st und of two men coming. They had reached the top of the stairs. Stand in the open doorway, and if Jim is one of them speak to him. Try to get the other fellow to move on," I said, hurriedly, to Jenny. She stepped quickly to the door and leaned

The steps drew nearer. They were opposite the door now, and I could see the men in the passageway, dimly lighted with a dirty kero-

against it, with it half open. I was immedi-

sene lamp. "Hello, Jim! How are you to-night? said Jenny.

The men stopped, and I heard a rasping voice say: "I'm all right. What's the mat "Nothin'. I only wanted to speak to you

Nobody asked you to stay. Why don't you

move on?"

This was said pretty sharply to the other man. ." What's the matter with him?" said the rasping voice. "He's my friend, and we're

both goin' on." "Where are you going, Jim?" said Jenny. "Going to see a girl that can discount you, Jen," Jim answered. "She'll pull my hair if I loaf around here talking to you." The steps moved on the two men laughing over Jenny's getting a dig in this style. She shut the door to with a bang and said to me hurriedly: "He's going'to Sal Greene's. Wait a few minutes till he gets up there, and

I heard the footsteps pass along the pas sage and then stumble up a flight of stairs. They had not gone through the opening in the wall. I listened as well as I could to get some idea of the direction they took. I was not certain enough of Jim's face to trust to my getting the right one of the two in the dim light, if I had sprung out on them. I had counted on Jim's coming along alone, when there would have been some certainty. But if I had burst out on them they might have broken and run in opposite direction without me knowing which was Jim.



HIT HIM WITH THE CANDLESTICE." HE CRIED Jen's plan seemed very good. She was in no danger of failing in her part, after the was down on him for going with the other girl and throwing her over, and she wanted to make him feel that he would

better by sticking to her. In five minutes Jenny said: "Come on He is there by this time."

She led the way, and I followed, both of us treading on tiptoe, so as to make no noise, We went up a flight of stairs and stole along another narrow passageway. Jenny pointed to a door at the end of it

'That's her room," she said. Even in her whisper there was an angry tone. "Well, you go downstairs, and I'll collar him. It's just as well for him not to know

von've been in it." I whispered back. She slipped only half way down the stairs and waited, while I stepped lightly along towards the door, from the crack beneatl which I saw a light. I opened it quickly and softly and stepped in, shutting it behind

A girl stood with her back to me at a black wooden bureau, with the upper drawer pulled out. Jim was sitting on a chair with his legs stretched out and his hands in his pockets. He tumbled to the thing at once and knew I was an officer. He uttered an oath, sprang up and went for the window like a cat. He had the sash up and was half way out when I

I pulled him back into the room. He struggled fiercely to get away. He knew if he escaped from me all the chances were in We went through the wall, onto a landing his favor in that big, lumbering old hive. The in another house, then down the stairs into a girl threw herself on me and pulled and

Hit him with the candlestick. Crack him on the head with it," shouted Jim, strug-

The girl sprang up and made for the bu reau, where a big iron candiestick stood. But Jenny was on hand and proved a good friend. She had waited to learn the issue, and when over on the shed to a different house, or you she heard the struggle rushed in. She caught her rival, holding her so tightly she could not move. In the mean time I had got my right hand free and whipped out my pistol, When Jim felt the cool muzzle laid against his head it had a soothing effect and I got the

> The pocketbook was in the drawer of the bureau wrapped up in an old pair of stockings. The gentleman recovered, and when he got well enough to appear identified him as his assailant, and he was sent to meditate or his evil ways for a time in prison. The old labyrinth of "Rotten Row" ha

shielded him long enough, and if he had broken away that night I dare say it would have helped him to get away from me. It has gone now, and it is no loss to respectable I waited there through the night and Jim didn't come. Nor did he put in an appearance the next day. Jenny got me something to eat, but it was a little monotonous waiting and watching all the time for the man.

However, I was still at my watch the next night. I had snatched a cat-nap during the

RETAIL DEALERS KEENLY AFFECTED BY THE RISE IN PRICES.

Little or No Profit in the Sale of Coul, Kero sene, Sugar and Kindling Wood-Custom ers Want Good Measure-An Order for Two Eggs-Retailers Just About Making Expenses-Talks in the Stores Further talks by Eventua Works reporters

in the retail stores show that the rise in prices of all kines of necessaries has affected the merchants more than the casual observer would suppose. While the coal barons, the sugar trust and the kerosene monopoly have no difficulty in putting up the wholesale price, the retailer does not see his way clear to an increase in the prices charged his customers.

John Vaughan keeps a front-room grocery 217 East Forty-seventh street. "Trade is slow, indeed," said he. "It couldn't be much slower." If his words needed a vouchmuch slower." If his words needed a vouching for they got it in his further assertion that he had not found it necessary to replenish his stock since he moved up from downtown five months ago. For this reason the rise in prices hadn't yet affected him.

T. Pierce, of 219 East Forty-seventh street, said trade was "poor, very poor." About the rising prices he said: "They won't rise any ligher on me than on my neighbor" and any higher on me than on my neighbor," and added that be had during his business career

added that he had during his business career paid twice as much for sugar as the present price.

Peter Kerr's grocery is at 221 East Forty-seventh street. "Some say trade is rushing." said he, "but I say it might be a good deal better. People not working can't have much to spend any way." Mr. Kerr has been in the block twenty years.

At Cornelius Molloy's place, 222 East Forty-seventh street, the story was: "We do very well, but trade is not quite so good as it was in the summer. We have to give credit a good deal, but of course we get paid. If prices rise we have to raise them, too, and if they fall we reduce them again."

Margaret Pitts, at 227 East Forty-seventh street, said: "Dull is no name for it." She did not have much call for credit, but all around her she saw it. If people got only a quart of potatoes or a bundle of wood they had it put on the book. Mrs. Pitts remembered when she sold The World to resent improvements and increasing prosperity.

Mrs. Kate McHugh, at 238 East Forty-seventh street, could not say that there was much money going. "We get enough to live and that's all," she said. She did not take kindly to the high price of sugar.

In the store of John H. Feldhaus, at 238

live and that's all," she said. She did not take kindly to the high price of sugar.

In the store of John H. Feldhaus, at 238 East Forty-seventh street, the plump, bustling woman behind the counter had just time to say." Pretty slow," before hastening to fill an order for "two eggs."

At William Tryman's, 227 East Forty-sixth street, it was said: "We can't complain, but trade could be better. There's a pretty tight hold for money." Mr. Tryman has been in business about two and a half years, He did not grow eloquent over the recent rise in

not grow eloquent over the recent rise in

"Business is pretty fair," said Martin Lampe, at 229 East Forty-sixth street. "We make our living and there's no use in kick-Mr. C. Tienker C. Tienken keeps a little grocery store Mr. C. Tienken keeps a little grocery store at 297 Mott street. He and his pretty wife are kept quite busy with customers. Yet they find business rather dull. "It is no more than can be expected," said Mr. Tienken. "Business is always dull in January, and as people are poor about here the rise in coal hits my customers hard. There is no profit for me in selling coal and I deal in it only to oblige a few customers. I sell at six and a half cents a half-pail. I sell potatoes mostly by the quart, at seven cents." A little girl came in with a gallon oil-can. "Mr. Tienken," the little one said, "mamma wants two quarts of kerosene." She was waited on, but noticed that the can was not filled. She said:

She was waited on, but noticed that the can was not filled. She said:
"Won't you please fill it, Mr. Tienken. Mamma waits good measure."
"Well, little one," said Mr. Tienken kindly, "tell your mother that I have given her good measure now, but I cannot fill a gallon can for the price of two quarts."
Henry Reicht keeps a neat little grocery store at 301 Elizabeth street. His clerk said:
"Business is very dull. Provisions are high and the people are pooper than ever. Many

and the people are poorer than ever. Many of them are out of work. I always sell in small quantities. Coal is 6½ cents a pail—more than it ought to be—but at that price

Baumann Bros. have a grocery store at 14
Bleecker street. Their clerk was behind the counter when the reporter entered. He is a young German, with little acquaintance with the grocery business. Yet during his brief experience, he said, he had noticed that people were poor and provisions high. He sold goods in small quantities.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

Long Hours and Poor Pay for Women Er gaged on "White Work."

There is a class of work which has not yet been mentioned in the columns of THE EVEN-ING WORLD, by which poor sewing-women earn their bread. It is known as "white work "-light sewing aprons and hemming

pocket handkerchiefs

Each apron has to be cut out, pockets and strings sewed on and a narrow ruffle put on around the border. For this the seamstress is paid 15 cents for each dozen. The operator has to supply her own thread.

A day's work on handkerchiefs pays about the same as a like amount of work pays on aprons. The handkerchiefs—which are made of cheap cotton material stamped on one side with a flaming design in red or blue—are given out in large rolls containing from twenty to thirty dozen to the piece. These have to be cut, hemmed on all four edges, and counted and neatly folded into piles of a dozen. The price paid for this work is 2½ cents a dozen. A good hand can average two dozen an hour. around the border. For this the seamstress

dozen an hour.

For working eleven hours a day a womar will receive 55 cents. Out of this she has to pay car fare and furnish her own thread which costs twenty cents a spool. A spool of thread will finish fifty dozen. By these figures it will be seen that there is very little left after all expenses are taken

There is an agency in Brooklyn which gives There is an agency in Brooklyn which gives work to nearly fifty people. Girls of ten or twelve years, and women—some fifty years old—come and go. Coming out they have large rolls of unfinished material, and return-

ing they have bundles containing forty or fifty dozen handkerchiefs, the product of two days hard work.

When work is returned each bundle is counted, and if found correct the worker is told that her money will be given to her as soon as it is sent from New York. It generally takes from two to four days to get the money from New York.

ODDS AND ENDS.

[From the Epoch.] In the matrimonial breakers the more "rocks you strike the better.

you strike the better.

When a Boston girl reads one of Howellh's love stories she is generally affected to tears, and little icicles form on her cheeks.

Wife—My dear, what is the meaning of h's and k's that the newspapers have so much to say about? Husband—They used to mean "hugs and kisses," but now thek mean "howls and kicks." It is stated that Noah Webster first conceived the dea of his dictionary while on a visit to Boston. He heard so many big words there which he did not understand that he felt the need of one.

not understand that he reit the need of one.

Hariem Man (to wife)—Another accident on the
elevates food to-day. Wife—foo don't say so,
John't Hariem Man—yes, the train I boarded at
City Hall station got through to Hariem all right.

Bobby—Clara was telling me that she had a call
from you through the telephone yeareday M,
Featheriy. Featheriy—Tes; and what did your
stater say, Robby 7 Bobby—She said that it was
the pleasantest call she over had from you.

Pounded Five Years Age by Father Burke for the Colored Catholics of This City. The parish of St. Benedict the Moor was

founded in 1883 for the benefit of the colored Catholics of New York. The church building at Bleecker and Downing streets which was formerly for many years occupied by the Third Universal Society, was nurchased by the Rev. J. E. Burke in 1882 for

the sum of \$38,000 THE REV. J. E. BURKE. and \$1,500 in addition was spent in remodelling and repairing the building.

The handsome organ and the altar were the gifts of Mrs. José de Navarro, of this city, who also assisted the church in other ways.
The church was finally dedicated Nov. 18,
1883, Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, officiating and Mgr. Preston delivering the sermon.
Before the purchase of the church it was
commonly supposed that there were less
than two hundred colored Catholics in New than two hundred colored Catholics in New York, but the fact that the congregation soon increased after the commencement of the services at St. Benedict's to over five hundred, and the continual and increasing acquisitions to the church, indicate that the efforts of those interested in the parish have not been in vain. The present trustees of St. Benedict's are Archbishop Corrigan, Mgr. Prestom, Rev. J. E. Burke, Washington Parker and Charles H. Newton.

There are five societies connected with the church—St. Ann's Benevolont Society for

where are nye societies connected with the church—St. Ann's Benevolant Society for Women, St. Francis Xavier's Benevolent Society for Men, the Holy Name Society, the Children of Mary Sodality and the Literary Society for young men and women.

The Home for Colored Children, one of the statement of the Abelian Nobel and Statement Colored Children, one of the statement of the Abelian Nobel and Statement Colored Children, one of the statement of the Abelian Nobel and Statement Colored Children on the Statement Children on the Statemen

most important of the charitable works of the parish, was established Dec. 8, 1886. It occupies the large and commodious four-story building at 120 Macdougal street, which cost \$19,500.
The Rev. J. E. Burke, the pastor, was born Jan. 22, 1852, in the city of Brooklyn. He obtained his education at St. Francis Xavier's obtained his education at St. Francis Xavier's College, where he was graduated in 1870. He afterwards went to Rome and studied theology at the American College for six years. He was ordained in Rome Aug. 4, 1878, and remained there a year as a priest. Returning to America in 1879, he became assistant at the Church of the Epiphany in Second avenue, where he remained four years, until he took charge of St. Benedict's parish in November, 1883.

He is a zealous and indefatigable worker, and has won the esteem and love of all his

and has won the esteem and love of all his parishioners from Harlem to the Battery, for his parish virtually covers the entire city. For four years he attended to all the parochial work alone, but the duties becoming at last too enerous a burden for a single person, he was given an assistant, the Rev. Thomas he was given an assistant, the Rev. Thomas Keefe, who was appointed last year.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



At the Grand Central Station.

dunco Sharp-I can't be mistaken. Isn't this m father's old friend, Jeremiah Giddings, of Coopers

Mr. Giddings-You ain't Silas Guppy's boy Bill, Bunco co Sharp-Why, of course I am; don't you Mr. Giddings—i've kinder forgot your face, Bill, but I ain't forgot that milk bill you owed me when you akipped taown. Three-sixty an' ini'rest it wux, Shell out.

Wants Work for His Wife. Applicant-Please, ma'am, can you help a po

nau who is out of work? Woman-I guess I can find something for you do.

Applicant (gratefully)—Thanks. If you could give me some washing to do, I'll take it home to my wife.

A Snake Story Out of Season. (From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)
At Crawfordsville, Ind., the other day, while

Wm. Crouch, a laborer, was at work at Oak Hill

Cemetery, he killed a hoop-snake which was roll-

ing around on the snow and ice as lively as though it were the first of July instead of the middle of winter. His snakeship measured 4 feet in length. A Hard Times Episode. [From the Nebraska State Journal.]
"I am endeavoring to collect sufficient money to

erect a building for the Y. M. C. A. Will you con tribute something?" large family to support and I cannot spare acent."

"All right. Where are you going now?"

"I'm going down to buy a couple of tickets in the great Southwestern lottery.

The Shades of Night. (From Harper's Basar.)
Chicago Lady (to husband)—My dear, did yo

Husband-Yes. Chicago Lady—And my shoes? Husband—Tes; and (peering out of the window) there is a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark to see whether it has the coal or the

think to order a ton of coal to-day?

[From the Epoch.]
Magnina (to nurse)—What is that noise in the nur-Nuise—20 icells dog, madaine, has taken Mec Fiossic's candy. Mamma—Well, take it from him at once. Marie, and give it back to Miss Flossic. Foor little Fido, he musta't cat so much candy; it might make hin tick. Nurse-Ze leetle dog, madame, has taken Mees

A Theatrical Man's Luck.

[From the Philodelphia Press.]
Frederick A. Pride, an old-time circus and the atrical manager, met with a windfall yesterday. Several years ago he loaned a friend \$100, and the Several years ago he loaned a friend \$100, and the friend insisted upon his accepting 100 shares of mining stock in a comrany in the San Miguel Mountains. At that time mining securities were under a cloud, and Mr. Pride handed the cert. Scale to his wife with the remark that 'it might come in handy for wall paper or a bustle." Yesterday, while taking with a broker in the corridor of the Girard House, the name of the company in which he had 100 shares was mentioned.

'Is that company still in existence?" asked Mr. Pride.

Pride. "Well, rather," replied the broker, "and its stock is worth just \$190 a suare."

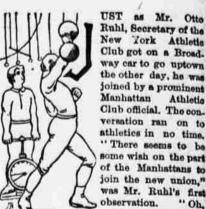
Nr. Pride said nothing, but immediately sent a despatch to his wife, in Detroit, to look up the certificate that had been so contemptuously received, To-day it is worth \$18,000.

A Tragedy of Morrisanta The intense popular interest in THE EVERTHS WORLD'S police captains' series will be more than sustained to-morrow in the publication of Police Capt. Nicholas Brooks's story, "In India's Wood, a Tragedy of Moreisania."

CHURCH OF ST. BENEDICT THE MOOR. | TALK AMONG THE ATHLETES

THE MANHATTANS AND THE NEW AWA-TEUR UNION.

Work for the Champion Skaters-Craft to get His Records-The Dempsoy-McCafe frey Fight Attracting Much Attention as the Day Draws Near-Girls Toboggan



Ruhl, Secretary of the New York Athletic Club got on a Broad. way car to go uptown the other day, he was joined by a prominent Manhattan Athletio Club official. The conversation ran on to athletics in no time. "There seems to be some wish on the part of the Manhattans to

no," was the reply, 'I haven't heard anything about it." " Well, I suppose it would be rather difficult for the Manhattans to subscribe to some of the conditions of the new amateur definition," was Mr. Ruhl's next shot referring, of course, to the stipulation in the new union amateurrule requiring that amateur athletes shall not belong to a club for the purpose of deriving any but an athletic or social benefit therefrom. "It would be much easier for the Manhattans than for the New Yorks to do so conscientiously." was the answer. "Pil the Manhattans than for the New Yorks to do so conscientiously," was the answer. "Pil give you a new \$100 bill if you'll name one member of the Manhattans who holds his place on the conditions that Condon, Gray, Buen' White, who showed receipted initiation papers and paid bills for a year's dues inside of twenty-four hours after joining your club, do, and Barry, whom you had to get rid of, did." "Ahem! I have to get of here," said Mr. Ruhl.

The skaters will probably have a toughtime of it getting off the last of the championship races—the ten miles.

Mr. Curtis will allow Craft records from twenty-four miles up to twenty-eight miles on that twenty-five mile skating race the other night. The Manhattan Athletic Club men say that the reports of those Monday night games in Philadelphia were incorrect. The Manhat-tans claim two first prizes and six second, while the New Yorks got but one second

That Dempsey and McCaffrey fight is exciting attention as the date draws near. It will be fought in the Pavonia Rink on next Tuesday evening. Dempsey is a favorite and a draw will be about as good as a win for him.

"Are the people crazy?" was the question of a belated traveller at One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street and Fleetwood Park, as he saw a beyy of handsome girls with their merry escorts springing out of a big 'bus and making a bee-line for the "slide." The snow was coming down in drifts and the wind whistled, but the swift dashes down the churtes and the aversise of taking the chutes and the exercise of taking the "tobogs" to the summits made the merry party as comfortable as if they had been watching the trotters speeding on a summer's day.

Sparrow Goldon denies Parson Davies's statement that Billy Myers, the light weight knocked him (Goldon) down and blackened his eye. "I never boxed or fought Myers," Goldon says, "and am surprised that such a statement should have been made,"

" In Lydig's Wood." Police Capt. Nicholas Brooks, of the Town Hall tation, Morrisania, has furnished for to-mon

row's Evening World a story of strong inter-

est entitled " In Lydig's Wood, a Tragedy of Morrisania."

Married on Credit. The credit system is very much in voguein li. Bennett recently and earnestly requested to 1 united, the groom announcing his inability to liquidate. With the genuine love for the whole human race beaming from his countenance, Bennett proceeded to the them together, whereupon they departed, happy.

602,391

438,476

168,915

16,970

9,921

The World is THE "Want" Medium.

A Comparison:

Total Number of "Wants" published in The World during 1887..... Total number in Herald... Excess of World over Herald

Number of columns of "Advts." in World during 1887..... Number of columns in Herald..... Excess of World over Her-

ald 7,049 ANSWERS 793

What One "Want" Adv't Did-An Unsolicited Testimonial.

MUTUAL UNION ASS., ROCHESTER, June 10, 1887. Dean Sin. Our three-line advt. in your Sunday less of June 5 fixed me with letters all the week. We have abulated the number, by States, received up to need to-day, with the following result; New York, 300; Ohlo, 123; Massachusetts, 104; Pennsyivanis, 62; Connecticut, 47; Delawars, 27; Maine, 24; Canada, 21; Washington, 17; Maryland, 78; Virginia, 13; Indiana, 9; Vermont, 9; Illinois i, West Virginia, 4; miscellaneous, 9; making a tol-of 793 letters from parties who saw our advertisement in the New York Motte, with a few more States to have from.

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD." Man with Property to Sell Relates Hie

Advertising Experience. To the Editor of The World: On the 6th of December I sent two letters one THE WORLD and one to the Herald, just alice, with three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill is each with the request to insert daily \$5 worth THE WORLD gave me six insertions and 50 cents change. The Herald spread out the lines, pub-

Pas World Office.

DEAN SIN: Wishing to obtain a shorthand a type writer we blaced an advertisement in Herald of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and recei

change. The Herald spread out the lines, published it once and k-pt the \$5. I got from The World advertisement twenty letters and five calls from the Herald two letters from agents. I am well pleased with The Workd and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottage. I have taken The World two years, although I am a Republican and expect to remain one,

Yours respectfully,
Residence Park, New Rochelle, N. Y., Jan. &

J. & R. LAMB, 59 CARMINE STREET, } NEW YORE, Jan. 18, 1865,

24 replies; in THE WORLD of Jan. 5, at a cost of I cents, and received 115 replies.

We feel called upon to mention the fact, as he we been saided we would have said the difference would be impossible. Xours.

Still Another.